

# A Very Pesky Birthday

by purpleygirl

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RL/SS

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Author's Note:** Written for Severus's birthday 2009 with the prompt *Muffliato*.

Post-Christmas time, it was nice to get some peace and quiet amid the hum of the new school term. New term, new year. Another New Year, another round of questions about his plans.

Remus stared into the open novel on his lap. He was heartily sick of assuring people he and his son were doing just fine as if he was the only one in this situation because of the war.

He sighed and restarted the paragraph. It was kind of Harry to let him come over here whenever he wanted. He used to love this library when Sirius had lived here. Now the house was noisy again, with Molly around most days fussing over her daughter's pregnancy and today was no exception. With some helpful manoeuvring from Harry, he'd finally managed to duck in here away from Mrs Weasley's barrage of well-meaning questions. He was happy leaving her to coddle Teddy to her heart's content while he sneaked some time with his novel.

The door opened. Remus looked up.

Severus paused in the doorway on seeing him.

"At least shut the door." Remus peered behind Severus's black-robed figure to check whether Molly had spotted him in here.

"Good day to you too," Severus drawled, as charming as ever, as he closed the door with a snap and stalked across the room.

He'd forgotten Harry had said Severus was staying the weekend to check through some books. Remus watched his gaze sweep along a shelf. Something caught Remus's nose, some sharp scent ... It smelt familiar.

Does he ...? Had he just ...? *Oh, Merlin.*

Remus put his head down into his book. Hadn't Molly said something about it being Severus's birthday today ... so that no one would mention it to him when he came by? Severus may not like birthday wishes or gifts, but it seemed he'd given himself one not very long ago.

Remus frowned. Of course he was used to the exotic smells in school that no one else could catch, this one in particular being a favourite among the adolescent boys ... but it had never before affected him. The fire must be too hot; that was it. And his mind had already been wandering *before* Severus had come in, so of course his imagination was going to take him to ... to ... Severus's ...

"Well what is on your mind?"

Remus snapped up his head. "What?"

Severus's gaze slid over to him as he selected a book from the shelf. "I know that look." He clenched his jaw. "You haven't turned a page in several minutes." He took down the heavy volume and peered at the spine. "Neither have you read a single line."

"Really?"

Severus gave him a sidelong glance. He raised an eyebrow and turned back to examining his book.

And Remus knew *that* haughty look. Really, there was only one thing Remus could say to that. "Well," he said, closing his novel and placing it to one side as he got up. "Perhaps I was wondering whether I should wish you many happy returns." He stuck out a hand.

Severus stared at his outstretched arm. "What?"

"*Happy birthday, Severus.*"

Severus simply continued staring, and Remus let his arm drop back to his side. "I hope you have many more of them."

"Do you?" Severus's voice had an edge of annoyance. His face, already blossoming pink from embarrassment at being wished a happy birthday, was now deepening into an angry red.

"Yes, I do."

"Because where else would you get your Wolfsbane?" Severus tucked his book under his arm and made toward the door.

"Severus." Remus grabbed him as he moved past.

"Would you mind removing your hand from my arm?" His expression was dismissive, almost contemptuous.

"Actually, no," said Remus. It was funny, he thought, how determined he sounded. "I mean ... yes. Yes, I would mind."

Severus's contempt hardened into anger. He pulled his arm free, the soft black fabric slipping through Remus's fingers.

Remus watched him move to the door. *Right. That does it.* He pulled out his wand and pointed it beyond Severus. *Muffliato.*

"How ..." Severus turned on him, his jaw clenched. "Where did you..."

Remus didn't waste any time. He leapt forward and pinned Severus against the door.

"What the devil are you..."

Remus felt him trying to reach his wand. "I thought I saw a doxy."

"What? Where?"

"Just " Remus leaned in further " here." He let his chest fall against Severus's, his head by Severus's neck as though trying to peer over his shoulder.

In the shared heat of their bodies, Remus couldn't help but note that Severus seemed to be already growing hard.

"I think it's somewhere ..." Remus slid a hand up the door and gently brushed Severus's hair from his neck.

Severus was definitely responding. Even the pale skin at the collar of his robes was prickling under Remus's warm breath.

"Have you ... found it yet ... Lupin?" His voice was rough.

Remus smiled by Severus's warm neck. Did he really think he hadn't noticed his voice, his heat, his growing hardness, his smell? "Very nearly," Remus said as coolly as he could as he pulled in closer.

It was high time, Remus decided, that Severus Snape had a birthday to remember. For all *theright* reasons.

On the other side of the door, sounds of delight could be heard echoing in the hallway, Teddy clearly keeping Ginny and her mother entertained. The others were just a few feet away. They could burst in any moment. Remus, to his astonishment, found himself hardening at just the thought.

"It's ... a bit awkward." He pressed closer, fabric rubbing burgeoning need.

Severus let out a noise of acknowledgement or something. Whatever it was, it was enough for Remus. He centred his heat on Severus's, and before long, he had established a slow rhythm, Severus's barely registered push urging him on.

Remus had slid his hand across to Severus's thigh, ostensibly in his continuing search for the doxy, and began working areas he couldn't reach with his hips alone.

Severus was doing a fine job of holding onto his book all the while.

Up close, Remus found that Severus sounded much more agreeable than he usually did. The deep noises coming from Severus's throat were sending delightful shivers through him.

Severus let out a sharp breath, and Remus felt the dampness through his robes. Remus moved over Severus's spreading heat and followed him.

Pressed with Severus against the door, the sound of his own and Severus's breaths in his ear, Remus used the opportunity to mutter a cleaning charm before whispering a little louder, "Same time next year?"

He straightened up and looked into Severus's rosy-pink face. Severus was positively glowing and something in Remus seemed to crack, release something, something deep down, almost as if it had been waiting to pounce, maybe for years. It pounced now and grabbed something inside him that made him wish he could take back that flippant remark.

Severus flicked his gaze away as his face grew redder.

"It's my birthday in two months," Remus said, almost for something to say to break the awkward silence. Though he was damned if he could wait that long, he realised.

The black eyes turned back. Remus expected words of shock, of outrage. But Severus simply said, "No doxy, then?" His voice still had a slight edge that was threatening to make Remus stir again.

"Apparently not. I must have been mistaken." He repressed a smile. "Those pesky biting fairies, eh?"

Severus straightened and brushed down his robes. "Indeed. Trust them to intrude on a perfectly adequate day."

Remus stood back as Severus turned to the door.

"I hope it wasn't ruined completely."

Down the hallway, the door to the kitchen was half-open, the sounds of the others streaming out. "Do remember to release the spell, Lupin. Potter will think he has tinnitus." Severus turned his head and met Remus's gaze. "I expect you to tell me some time how you came across that particular spell."

"Perhaps tonight?" Remus found his heart was hammering against his chest as Severus watched him.

"Perhaps."

Though everything inside Remus was trying to make itself known in a very broad smile, he managed somehow to force it down. He stuck his hands in the pockets of his robes. "If you can pull yourself away from your book."

Severus looked down to the book under his arm and frowned.

Remus let himself smile.